The children were taken as hostages. The small, innocent little beings were definitely having the worst time of their lives. Not just them, the elders felt as if they were being strangled to death slowly and steadily. Every passing second felt heavy and even more difficult to bare.  
In the cold night, lying on the bare floor of an under construction building, they shivered,unable to control the trembling. They cried and sobbed calling out to their parents who were far away unable to listen to them.  
The sky above them was darker than ever and tall figures pacing outside the room were merciless than ever.  
  
Hours passed. Nothing happened. The men were growing impatient and furious. They started spitting swear words at each other, shouting at the top of their lungs. Omer shuddered at their each word, he could feel his lips quivering.  
  
Then a tall, big man entered. Two other followed him in. Looked around and sat down on a chair kept in the corner. His every action showing haste. His eyes searched the room for a moment. Then he motioned one of the other men to bring the small, probably the youngest child in the room, to him. The other one dragged the five year old boy and threw him at his feet. The man on the chair, the leader perhaps, grabbed him by the neck of his shirt and pulled him to his face. He looked straight into the boy's eyes and saw nothing but sheer terror in them, just what he wanted to see. It pleased him. The leader produced a pistol from his pocket and kept it against his temple. Sweat streaked his forehead.   
Omer froze. He sat in the farthest corner of the room hidden among the other children.   
Without giving it a thought, as if it was too easy, as if he had been doing it all his life the leader pulled the trigger. The gunshot echoed in the room followed by the screams of countless other children as the boy dropped to the ground with a thud. His eyes had turned glass without a moment's delay.  
Omar's heart skipped a beat and he forgot to breathe. The sight made him feel nauseated.   
The leader, though, seemed unfazed. His conscious was dead. He took out a smart phone from the pocket of his kamiz and took a snap. The leader took a photo of the dead boy.  
Omer's eyes opened wide and he gawked at the scene unfolding in front of him.   
The leader pressed a few buttons then slid the phone back into his pocket and leaned back, resting his head against the headrest of the chair.  
  
A few minutes passed and the silence continued to echo through the half built walls of the building.  
The restless leader, leaned forward and motioned one of his men to bring another child to him.   
Omer felt his breath stuck in his throat. It felt heavy in the pit of his stomach.  
  
The man's eyes skirted the room.  
  
Omer knew without looking that his eyes lingered on him. His throat went dry making it difficult to breathe. He shut his eyes tight and waited for the man to reach him.  
  
The man wrapped his fingers firmly around the boy's thin arm -who looked no more than seven year old- and dragged him toward his leader.  
  
Omer was thrown on the ground so hard that he got his hands scraped. Fingers curled around the neck of his shirt and pulled him forward. He felt the cold breath of the leader touch his soft skin. It smelled sour. Omer opened his eyes.  
  
The leader looked straight into the kid's eyes. He could feel pride in every part of his body. The sight had yet again pleased him. One couldn't fathom the amount of satisfaction it provided to see someone terrified of one's own being.   
Instead of killing this one straight away as well, he decided to let 'them' pay for trying his patience.  
He handed the phone to the man standing beside him and told him to show 'them' the limits he intends to cross in order to get his demands met.  
He shifted the point of his barrel from the boy's temple to his belly.  
  
Omer gasped. He felt a lump in his throat and his eyes stung with unshed tears. He was scared. He missed his parents. He desperately wished for his father to take him into his long, strong arms and hide him from this nightmare, shield him from the still and inhuman atmosphere, and save him from remorseless beast. But it wasn't the moment for the wishes to be fulfilled for their were several children in the room and countless wishes hanging in the air.  
  
A second later, he dropped to the ground letting out a shriek. Sudden hollowness filled his heart. Omer moved his hand to his stomach and felt something warm and sticky. Something thick. Blood. The wound stung. He felt hot searing pain.   
His eyes felt heavy, and dark spots appeared at the corners of his eyes. The pain was excruciatingly sharp.  
  
Somewhere, far away, he heard gunshots, several of them. He tried to open his eyes and managed to peer from under the half lidded eyes.  
  
There was a turn of events. The leader was shouting orders at his men. All the kids were on their feet crying, some running out of the room.  
  
He saw it then. Omar saw the thing that forced his mind to stay a little longer.   
  
A bullet came zooming into the room, taking him unawares and piercing the flesh of the leader's chest with a sickening sound. He fell down on the ground beside the boy he had just shot in the stomach. 'They' arrived. He wanted them to, but he didn't expect this to happen when they would.  
The boy was still fighting to live.   
  
Omer looked at the man lying beside him.  
  
Their eyes met.  
  
Omer then felt a hand slipping under his neck and another under his knees. He was then lifted up into the arms of a man wearing an auburn uniform. The man kicked the leader hard on his stomach and turned to go out of the room. He deserved much worse than he was receiving, he thought and wondered why it didn't occur to them. Omer let it go. The people in the uniform- his heroes- must know better.  
  
Omer turned his head slightly which was swaying from side to side with each step of the man carrying him, and gazed distastefully at the ruthless monster of a man spread out on the floor. When they were almost by the door, he locked his own innocent eyes to the cold, bloodshot, merciless ones of the fallen man and managed to pass a small, triumphant, teasing smile.  
  
As Omer continued to look at him, he took his last breath, his eyes rolled back and he stilled.  
The cruel terrorist was blocked from his view as he was carried out of the room and managed to notice that the boy he killed was no more there. They might have taken him out as well.  
Omer thought before drifting into the abyss.  
  
People continued to wonder the reason for the actions and the mere existence of the inhuman beings as 'they' - the heroes of the children in auburn uniforms - continued to fight them till their last breaths.